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Recorded from Week to Week.

THIS is a war between brains and brute force, between agile cleverness and the slow, lumbering movements of a heavy body. It reminds me of a panther versus elephant fight, or of that old music-hall sketch in which a "monocled masher" was wont to thrash a big, ugly brute who was used to bullying all and sundry. Japan has brains and is using them. Before the war began, albeit our sympathies were with our ally, there was always a grave doubt as to whether she could possibly live in a struggle with Russia. There seemed to be such a disparity in their fighting weight. But, like the monocled masher aforesaid, Japan has shown us not only that she can hit, but that she knows how, when, and where to hit. Good gracious! what a day March 10 was for the Japs! Talk about a busy morning! Well, here is Admiral Togo's official dispatch—

Japan's Busy Morning.

"An attack on Port Arthur took place on March 10, as previously planned. Our destroyers were formed into two separate flotillas. Both of them reached the outside of the harbour at midnight on the 9th and reconnoitred, but no enemy was seen. At dawn the second flotilla laid special mechanical mines in many places, and succeeded in the task, notwithstanding the intermittent fire from the enemy's forts. At half-past four a.m. the first flotilla encountered six Russian destroyers at the south of Liaotishan, and a hot action took place for twenty minutes. In its course three of our destroyers—*Asashio*, *Kasumi*, and *Akatsuki*—fought very closely against the enemy's destroyers, almost touching each other, and delivered a hot fire. The enemy's destroyers were severely injured, either being damaged in engines or suffering from the outbreak of fire, and fled away in great confusion. Our ships also sustained some damage. Casualties on our side are seven petty officers killed and nine men wounded. The *Akatsuki's* auxiliary steampipe was destroyed; but all the destroyers of the first flotilla have no difficulty for further fighting or navigation. The second flotilla, when it was leaving the outside of the harbour at seven a.m., found two Russian destroyers just coming back into the harbour, and attacked them, intercepting their return course. One of the two escaped, but the other—namely, the *Stevgutchy*—was disabled and captured by our destroyer *Sazanami*, which tried to tow it back. However, the leakage was great and the sea very rough, and the towing-rope was broken. Therefore, after the prisoners, four

in all, were taken up, the captured ship was left, and she sank at ten minutes past ten a.m. The damage in the second flotilla is insignificant. Casualties: Two men killed and one officer and three men wounded. Although the *Novik* and *Bayan* came out from the harbour towards the second flotilla, they soon

fire, but no damage was inflicted upon our ships. A detached squadron of cruisers went to Dalny, and destroyed the enemy's buildings on the San Shan Islands. The *Takaago* and *Chihaya* scouted the western coast of the entrance of Port Arthur, but no enemy was seen. A Russian destroyer, which had been sunk in Pigeon Bay in the last battle, is found to be the *Vashitelnyy*, of which now the upper parts of the masts and funnels are seen on the surface. All our ships discontinued the battle at two p.m., and retired."

Cutting Through Ice.

A *Chronicle* message from Tokio says— "Further reports of the bombardment of Vladivostok show that it was extremely cold at the time, and the leading vessel had to cut its way through the ice. It approached near enough to see the soldiers on the forts. The hospital-ship has arrived at Shimonoseki with eight sick Japanese and twenty wounded Russians on board. One of the latter had 160 wounds, showing the minute shattering power of the Shimose explosive. Fifty



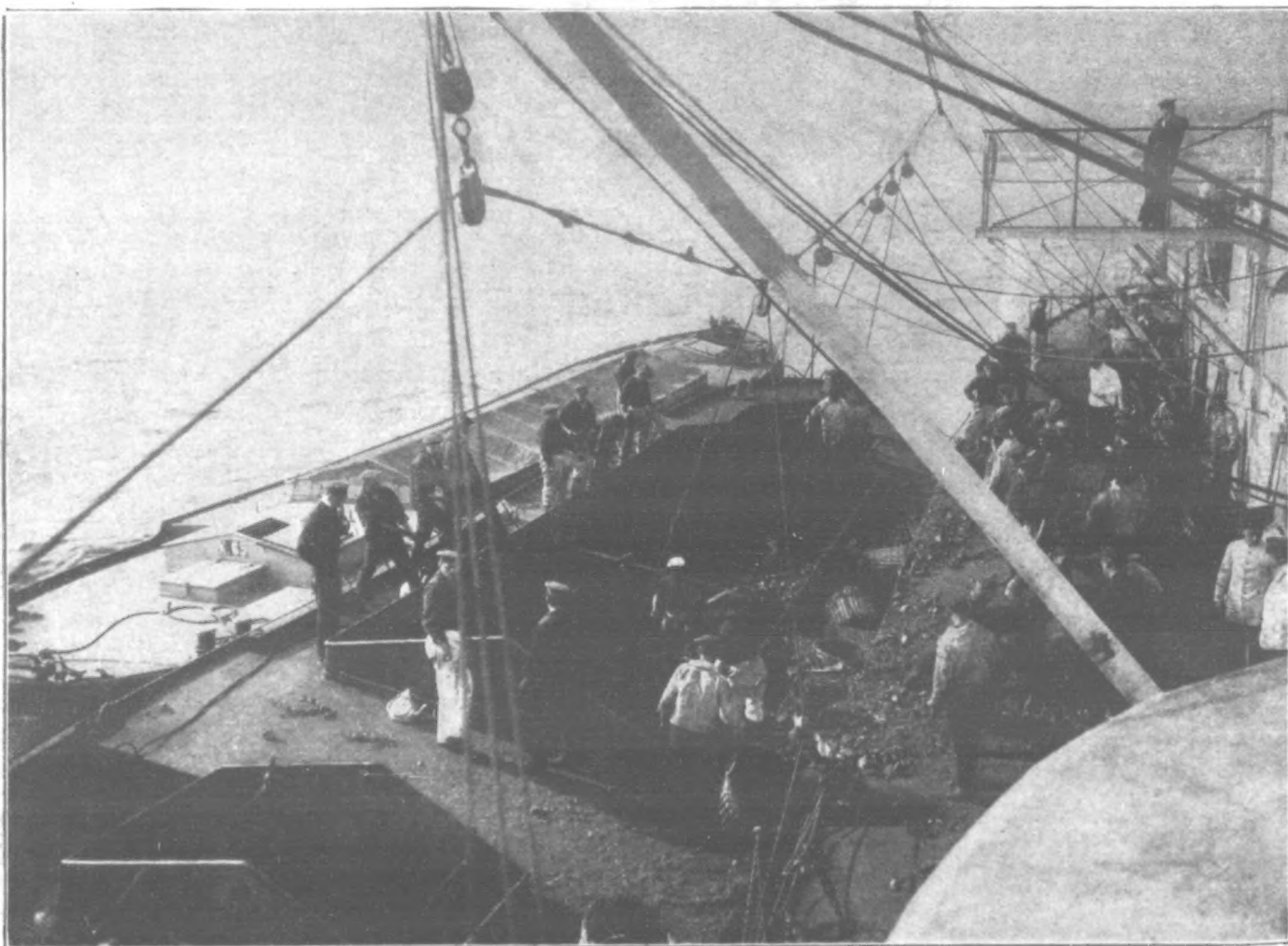
JAPANESE OFFICERS HOLDING A COUNCIL OF WAR BY NIGHT.

retired into the harbour upon seeing that our cruisers were approaching. As to the movements of our main squadron and the cruiser squadron, they arrived off Port Arthur at eight a.m. The cruiser squadron at once proceeded towards the front of the mouth of the harbour and supported our destroyer flotilla, as above stated. The main squadron also approached Liaotishan, from ten a.m. until twenty minutes to two p.m., and made an indirect bombardment against the harbour. The enemy's forts intermittently returned the

Japanese fishermen near the Tumen River are reported to have been captured by Russians and taken to Vladivostok. A skirmish at Kasan took place on the 8th. Four Japanese repulsed thirty Cossacks, one Japanese being killed. It is reported that the Russians retreated to Wiju, where they are building defensive works along the Yalu. They are also fortifying Antung."

Japs Land More Men.

During the last ten days the movement of troops to Korea has increased in volume, says an



COALING A RUSSIAN WAR-SHIP AT SEA.

MR. BENNET BURLEIGH IN MANCHURIA: FROM A SNAP-SHOT.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."

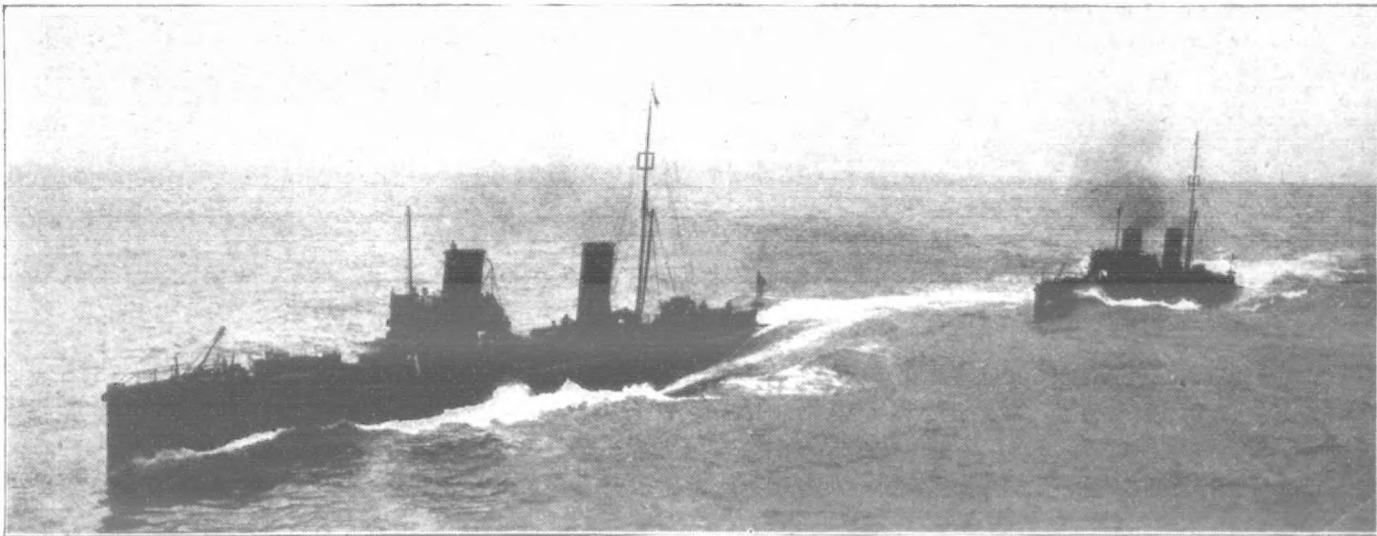


A RUSSIAN RED CROSS BRIGADE ON THE MARCH.

Express message. Transporters are returning daily to Nagasaki, and are immediately sent off again, after coaling, with further troops. Stores, ammunition, and heavy guns are being sent by night trains via Kobe, which indicates the commencement of a heavy campaign. The First Division of the army, under General Prince Fushimi, has already been landed at Chemulpho. The number of working men taken into the ranks of the army is beginning to affect business, and it is difficult to see how the scarcity of labour can be obviated. The censorship is still extremely severe. Even the simplest and most

sent to protect the farms against the depredations of the populace. The Imperial farms consist of one-third of the land of the country. General Ijichi, the Japanese Attaché, has visited the Korean War Department, and intimated his appointment as Advisor. The authorities replied that they knew nothing of the appointment. General Ijichi has appealed to his Government for instructions; in the meantime he is not recognised here. Eight thousand engineers and sappers are working on the Seoul-Wiju railroad, which will be completed by September. The Koreans recognise the

sides, also consecrated banners. General Kuropatkin is now said to be in possession of nearly 100 ikons, several of which are "miraculous." The Moscow nobles presented General Kuropatkin with 25,000 roubles for personal expenses. In a speech to the nobles, the General said Russia had surmounted far greater difficulties than the present, and had come out victorious. Without detracting from the ability of their opponents, Russia can regard the future with certainty and quietude. General Kuropatkin afterwards visited the neighbouring Trinity Monastery, where his presence gave the occasion for a



JAPANESE TORPEDO-BOATS STEAMING INTO ACTION.

harmless details are suppressed. For example, two sentences cut out of one of my recent messages referred to the speed of certain warships and to the fact that the people had been spending large sums of money on fireworks with which to fête the departing troops.

Farms for the Japanese.

According to a *Chronicle* special cable: The Japanese have demanded the use of all the Imperial farmsteads in Korea. They require these in order to produce the grain necessary for the sustenance of the army during the period of hostilities. Twenty thousand troops are being

meaning of the Marquis Ito's arrival in Korea and are greatly exercised thereby

Kuropatkin at Moscow.

Telegrams from Moscow describe the reception accorded to General Kuropatkin as most enthusiastic. Enormous crowds, wild with excitement, collected before the buildings visited by the General, singing the National Anthem, and shouting themselves hoarse. The excitement reached its culmination in the City Hall, where General Kuropatkin met the city authorities and nobles of the province. Ikons, or sacred pictures, were presented to him from all

magnificent liturgical service. The train by which General Kuropatkin and his Staff are travelling to the Far East is composed only of engine and tender, three cars, and brake. The saloon is for General Kuropatkin himself, another carriage is provided for the suite, and the third carriage is a dining-car. Both sides of the cars are covered with eight millimetres of steel, providing for the safety of the occupants from the bullets of the enemy. The windows themselves can also be steel-protected when desired. The cars are designed not only for this journey, but will be utilised by General Kuropatkin as his headquarters, forming practically an armoured train. THE G. SSIR.



RUSSIAN CAVALRY PASSING THROUGH A VILLAGE ON THEIR WAY TO THE FRONT.

MARVELLOUS SPECIFIC FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF CORPULENCE.

It is not often that a comparatively new discovery in the realm of medical science commands so much attention as has been accorded to "Antipon," the marvellous specific which has at last solved the vexed question of the radical cure of obesity. It is certain, however, judging from the great demand for it, that "Antipon" supplies what was really a desideratum—viz., a strengthening, invigorating tonic, as well as a powerful fat-absorbent, going to the root of the evil and permanently destroying all the abnormal fatty deposits which render the personal appearance so unattractive, and threaten a real danger from what is known as fatty degeneration of the heart and liver. "Antipon" has succeeded, as it deserved to succeed. It is entirely harmless, and contains nothing of a mineral origin. The ingredients, investigated independently by several medical authorities, have received their warmest approval. Pleasant to the palate, though slightly tart, it can be taken by the most fastidious without discomfort or inconvenient after-effects. It has neither a laxative nor the opposite effect. "Antipon" is in itself a complete and wholly beneficial treatment, and requires no assistance from a non-nutritive or half-starving dietary. On the contrary, it tones up the digestive organs and promotes a healthy appetite, which needs to be satisfied with thoroughly wholesome food. Hence strength, health, energy, and buoyancy of spirits are gradually restored, while all the time the elimination of diseased and superfluous fat is steadily proceeding. When the subject is satisfied that natural proportions and normal weight are attained, the doses of "Antipon" may cease forthwith. There is no further need for it. This wonderful reductive agent has a surprising power. The first day and night will suffice to show a decrease of 8 oz. to 3 lb., according to the individual case. This is succeeded by a satisfactory daily decrease until proper dimensions are restored. "Antipon" will indeed "prove a lasting blessing to thousands" (to quote the words of the *Lady's Realm*), for not only does it mean restored beauty of figure, but restored muscular vigour and nerve force. It makes life worth living, work a pleasure, and recreation doubly enjoyable. "Antipon" is sold by Chemists and Stores, price 2/6 and 4/6 per bottle, from stock or on order; or, in case of difficulty, may be obtained (on sending amount), post free, privately packed, from the "Antipon" Company, 13, Buckingham Street, Strand, London W.C.

MAGNIFICENT TESTIMONY From Press and Public.

A Sheffield Trained Nurse writes: "I have used 'Antipon' in the case of the very fattest woman I have ever nursed. The result has been marvellous. She is getting smaller and beautifully less every day; and the best of it is she is in perfect health now, where before she had all sorts of troubles."

"December 8, 1903.

"The Hon. Mrs. B— would be much obliged by the 'Antipon' Company sending off to her one large bottle of 'Antipon.' It has certainly much reduced her. She feels so much lighter and better in consequence."

"Hoveingham, August 26, 1903.

"I am very pleased to say that with the first bottle I reduced eight pounds.—G. C—."

The Sketch.

"This pleasant, rational, and most efficacious remedy may be warmly recommended to stout persons of both sexes, as much for health's sake as for the attainment of perfect elegance of figure."

Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.

"'Antipon,' to which warm praise has been given by medical authorities, reduces flesh—or, rather, fat—from the very first dose, and has a general tonic and invigorating effect upon the entire system, so that at the end of the cure the patient is both healthier and stronger in muscle and nerve. 'Antipon' may be regarded as a very beneficial discovery."

Methodist Recorder.

"It is satisfactory to know that the new cure, 'Antipon,' is the practical result of a specialist's researches and discoveries, so that reliance can be placed upon its efficacy."

Illustrated London News.

"'Antipon' not only speedily absorbs and throws out of the system all superabundant adipose matter, but increases strength and vitality."

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Requests for further information or advice will at all times receive prompt attention. All correspondence regarded as strictly confidential.

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

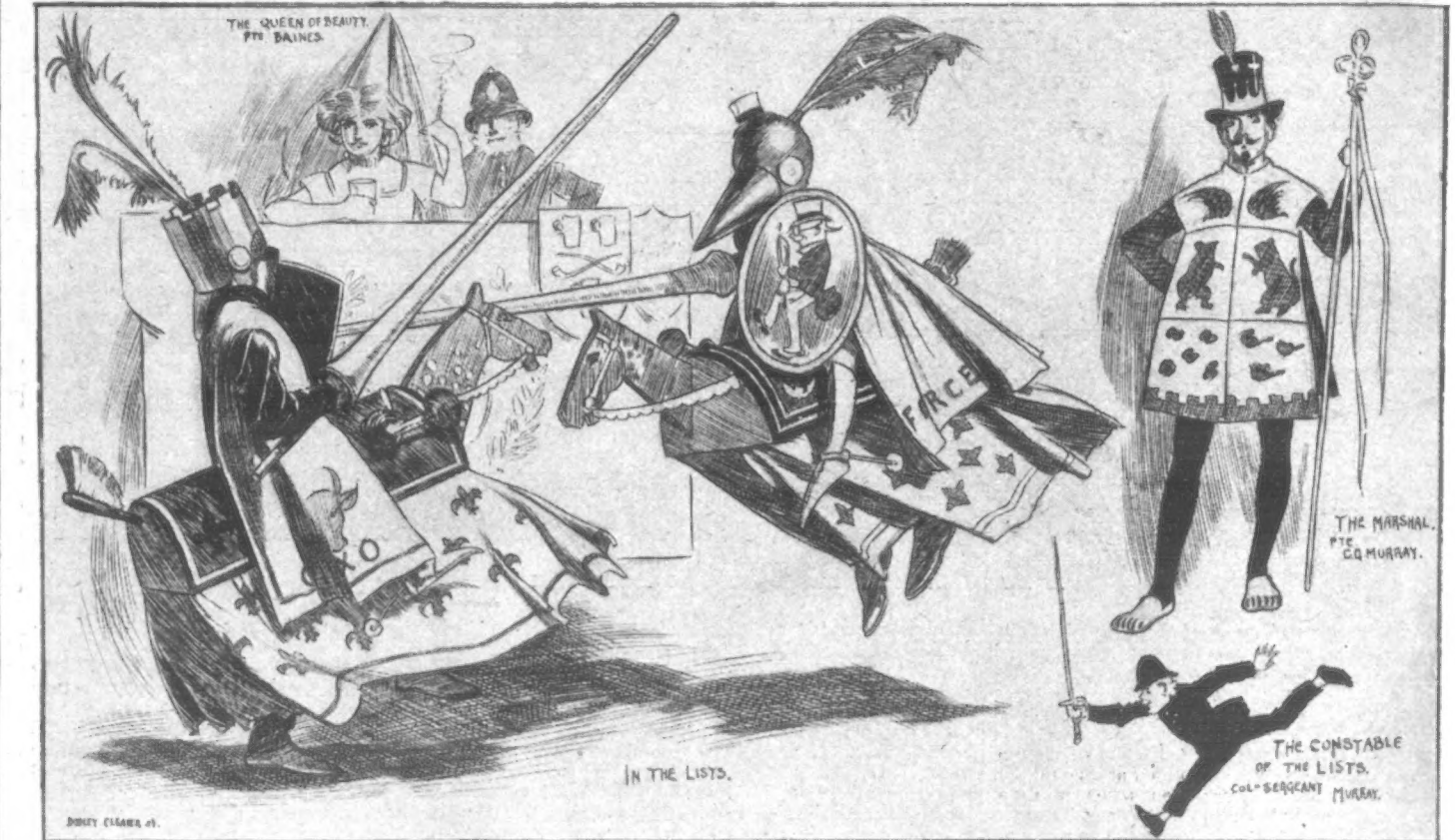
THE King's Levee.—The King held the second Levee of the season at St. James's Palace on Monday afternoon. His Majesty drove in State from Buckingham Palace, the new processional road being lined on either side by spectators.

The Prince and Princess of Wales at Portsmouth.—The Prince and Princess of Wales reached Portsmouth last Saturday to spend a week as the guests of Sir John Fisher, commander-in-chief of the station. The Royal party visited the old *Victory*, and then proceeded to the *Thames*, the mother ship of the submarine flotilla. Both the Prince and the Princess went down into submarine A1, a new model with a small armoured conning-tower. On Sunday the Prince paid a surprise visit to the first-class cruiser *Crescent*, and also went aboard the newly built *Cumberland*. A mimic fight between battle-ships and destroyers was witnessed by his Royal Highness on Monday in Sandown Bay.

Defeat of the Government.—In the House of Commons on Tuesday afternoon, on the motion of Mr. John Redmond for the reduction of the Irish education vote, the Government were defeated by 141 to 131. There was a scene of extraordinary excitement when the tellers advanced to the table, and for a long time they had to stand speechless until they could announce the figures so they could be heard. The Opposition benches were crowded to excess. After the announcement of the figures Mr. John Redmond moved to report progress. Mr. Balfour said he saw no great object to be obtained in reporting progress. The hon. member had succeeded in reducing the vote for Irish education by £100. Mr. John Redmond: "We have defeated the Government—(loud Opposition cheers)—at a cost of £100 of Irish money well spent." Mr. MacNeill (excitedly): "Hear, hear!" Mr. Balfour: "I do not know why the hon. gentleman should be so excited (Ministerial cheers). The hon. member objected to his statement that the vote had been reduced by £100. Surely it was a reduction, and in so far as it was a reduction it was a defeat of the Government. (Loud Opposition cheers.) That was obvious on the face of the transaction. (More cheers.) Why on that ground they should not continue he was quite unable to say." Mr. P. O'Brien: "Are you going to 'take it lying down'?" (Great cheers.) Mr. Balfour: "We have to get through a very large portion of business before March 31, and therefore I do not think that one of the few days we have to spare should be wasted." (Ministerial cheers.) Mr. J. Fitzallen Hope, who rose when the chairman had put the motion to report progress from the chair, and who was received with disorderly interruptions, opposed the motion. Mr. MacNeill: "'Hope told a flattering tale.'" (Laughter and cheers.) Mr. Bowles followed, and the Committee divided. The motion to report progress was rejected by 171 to 146. (Ministerial cheers.)

Code Signal-Book Found.—The signal-book lost from H.M.S. *Prince George* is reported to have been found in the river Tagus by a Portuguese, who returned it to the commander of the vessel. It is held that the loss was purely accidental, and no court-martial has been held to inquire into the matter. The signaller and officers of the watch, who were placed under arrest, have been severely reprimanded.

Artists' Assault-at-Arms.—A mediæval tournament, in which the knights fought on hobby-horses, formed the principal feature of the assault-at-arms given last Monday night at the headquarters of the 20th Middlesex (Artists) Royal Volunteers. Nothing could have been more amusing. The entire evening, however, was not devoted to farce. Besides this, there was an excellent display on the parallel bars by members of the School of Arms, a fine bout between sword and bayonet, drill display by the



THE MOCK TOURNAMENT BETWEEN SIR OXO DE BOVRIL AND SIR SUNNY JIM, THE COMIC MEDIÆVAL ITEM AT THE ARTISTS' ASSAULT-AT-ARMS.

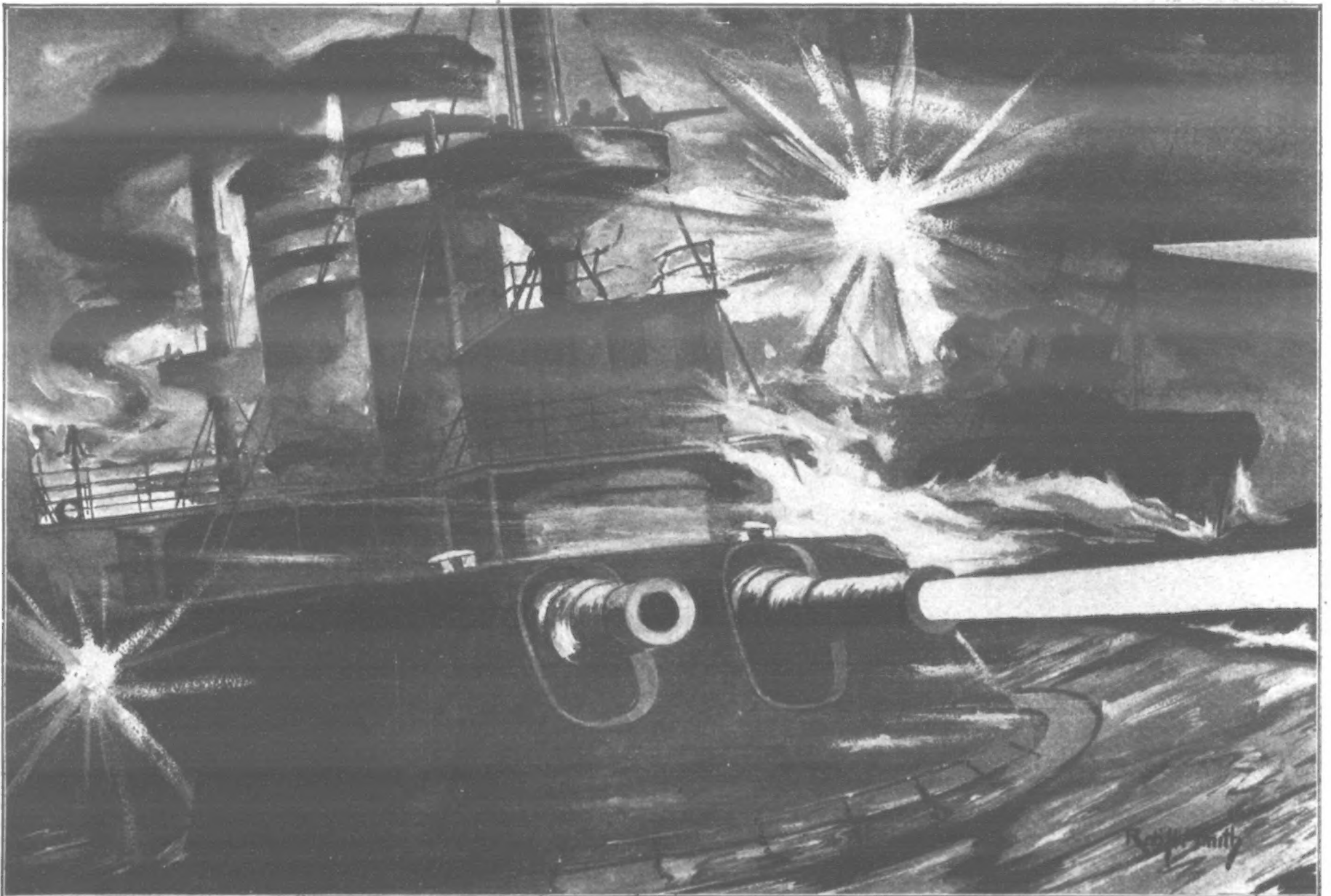
boys of the Royal Hospital School (Greenwich), lance exercise by non-commissioned officers of the 2nd Life Guards, and a skilful encounter (sabre v. sabre) between Professor Magrini, instructor to the "Artists," and Sergeant-Major Palmer, of the 2nd Life Guards. Then Lieutenant-Colonel G. B. Cobbett (4th Volunteer Battalion Essex Regiment) gave a remarkable Indian club display, and Corporal J. Jenkinson (foils amateur champion 1902-3) and Corporal H. Evan James (foils amateur champion 1901 and sabres champion 1903), Inns of Court Volunteers and Westminster Dragoons respectively, provided an exceedingly artistic display with the "duelling irons." French dueling was also shown by Mr. C. F. Clay and Mr. P. Ettlinger; while wrestling, boxing, and other forms of manly exercise helped to complete one of the most interesting and instructive programmes ever presented on such an occasion.

Alleged Coining Factory Raided.—At the Westminster Police-court, Ralph Appleton, thirty-eight, engineer, of 58, Tyre Street, Vauxhall, and Frederick

Brooker, forty, engineer, of the same address, were charged with feloniously impairing and diminishing his Majesty's gold coinage. Prisoners were also charged with the manufacture of counterfeit coins and the possession of coining tools and engines on a large scale. Detective-Inspector Knell deposed that after the arrest of the prisoners the premises in Tyre Street were searched, and were found to be a huge factory for the purpose of making and manipulating coin. There were two large dynamos, a smelting-pot, quantities of sheet silver and copper, electric batteries, and many gutta-percha moulds so arranged in sets as to hold coins in immersion. In a back-room witness also found a large bath full of a coloured liquid, a glass jar presumably containing gold dust, quantities of chemicals, and various appliances. On the prisoner Appleton about £50 in postal orders was found. The premises, added witness, were guarded by a ferocious dog, and the front windows were frosted. Detective-sergeant Beard deposed that Brooker was arrested with about £14 in gold and money, and postal orders for some £50 in his possession. Inspector Knell

stated that all these orders were seemingly filled up in the same handwriting, and they showed the very large amounts of coin continually passing through the prisoners' hands. Mr. Horace Smith remanded the prisoners in custody.

Two More Mints Raided.—Startling developments have occurred in connection with the Vauxhall coining case, two more mints, alleged to have belonged to the prisoner Appleton, having been raided by the police in Brixton. On Monday, several detectives from Scotland Yard and a number of constables paid a "visit" to 40, Cranmer Road, Brixton, and discovered in a shed at the back of the house a quantity of coining implements, electric wires, gutta-percha, and a forge. Up to eight months ago, Appleton resided at this address with his wife and family, and the sound of hammering used to be heard in the shed at night by his lodgers. Since he left, however, his visits have been very irregular, and the hammering has ceased. Another den in Grosvenor Square, Brixton, also alleged to be owned by Appleton, is stated to have been raided on Saturday. It is



JAPANESE VESSELS BOMBARDING PORT ARTHUR ON MARCH 9.

AFTER CONTINUING FOR SOME TIME, THE BOMBARDMENT CEASED OWING TO A GALE SPRINGING UP.

alleged that Appleton, who was the landlord of the house in Cranmer Road, regularly called to collect his rents, and also made occasional mysterious visits to a shed at the back of the garden, which no one was allowed to enter but himself. He has recently conducted a dairy business a few doors off. It is believed that the implements found at Cranmer Road had not been used lately, as they were rusty.

Fatal Fire in Gray's Inn.—A fire broke out early last Saturday morning in the basement of No. 4, Verulam Buildings, Gray's Inn, W.C. The alarm was first given by the loud barking of a dog kept on the premises, in which sixteen persons were sleeping at the time. Firemen soon arrived on the scene, and all except one of the inmates were rescued. The victim was a woman named Jane Dommett, aged seventy. The room she occupied was gutted, and it is supposed that the old lady accidentally set light to the hangings of her bed.

Reward for Plucky Constable.—P.C. Gunner, of the City of London force, who, as recorded a few weeks ago, leapt from Blackfriars Bridge in an attempt to save a drowning woman, has now recovered from the effects of

Wagner's "Nibelungen Ring" will disappear for a time and give place to an older master, Mozart, whose "Don Giovanni" and "Nozze di Figaro" will be heard in Italian, under the able direction of Dr. Richter. Among the other works to be performed may be mentioned Verdi's "Traviata" and "Ballo in Maschera," the latter fine work being founded on the same libretto as Auber's "Gustavus III." "Un Ballo in Maschera" was not permitted to be heard during the Italian struggle for independence on account of its supposed revolutionary character. It contains some of Verdi's most beautiful melodies. Works by popular composers, and Offenbach's "Contes d'Hoffmann," an opera which had great success in Paris, will be produced, and some new vocalists will be heard during the season, in addition to Madame Calvé, Madame Melba, and MM. Plancon, Journé, Van Rooy, Signor Scotti, Herr Krass, Herr Klopfer, etc. Mr. Neil Forsyth remains in command of the front of the house, and M. Messager will continue to be the general manager.

Regent Street Jewel Robbery.—A daring robbery, which was successfully carried out on the premises of Messrs. Benton, jewellers, of 172, Regent Street, is engaging the attention of the police. Over £2000 worth of valuables were taken, and so carefully did the thieves cover their traces that the detectives engaged on the case are by no means sanguine of running them to earth. A steel door opening from the hall to the shop was drilled through with a brace and bit, and the lock forced by jemmies. The thieves first turned their attention to the jewellery in the window, taking pins, bracelets, brooches, etc., but apparently overlooking a tray of gold hunter watches value £200. They then despoiled the show-cases on the counters. The robbery was a particularly barefaced one, seeing that although no one sleeps on the premises the lights are always turned full on, and the blinds of the window looking on to the street drawn up. A powerful alarm bell placed outside the window on the first floor was put out of action by the thieves. In order to do this it was necessary to walk along the window-ledge in full view of passers-by in Regent Street.

Alleged Slander Action.—The hearing of an action by Mr. W. E. Clery, ex-chairman of the Fawcett Association—a combination of Post Office employes—

against Mr. E. J. Nevill, a member of the same body, to recover damages for slander, was continued in the

King's Bench Division on Thursday before Mr. Justice Darling and a common jury. The defendant pleaded justification and privilege, and was represented by Mr. C. F. Gill, K.C., Mr. Clarke Hall, and Mr. Pickering. The plaintiff, who appeared in person, said the statements he complained of were made by the defendant at a meeting of the Fawcett Association at the Memorial Hall on March 11, 1903, and were to the effect that, by reason of certain dishonourable actions, he was not fitted to be a candidate for Parliament. He had, in consequence, to resign the chairmanship of the association, and lost a salary of £100 a year. Plaintiff admitted that committal warrants had been served upon him in Adam Street, Adelphi; but the bailiff who arrested him did it rather genially, and was not a bit offensive. (Laughter.) So far as he could remember, he had been arrested twice. On each occasion it was quite a formal matter. The bailiff came and the money was paid, and he believed this sort of thing was quite usual in decent society. (Laughter.) He could not remember when he was not in difficulties. Several witnesses were called, and on Friday a verdict for the defendant was returned. Plaintiff applied for a stay of execution, but Mr. Justice Darling saw no reason for this course, and entered judgment in the ordinary way.

Marquis Divorced.—Sir Francis Jeune, in the Divorce Court on Monday, granted the Marquise de Lisle a decree nisi with costs against her husband, the Marquis de Lisle, of Ouseburn, Leicestershire.

One Thousand Pounds Damages for Libel.—Dr. Hanna Nassif Dikhyi, a Syrian ear specialist, brought an action for libel against Mr. Henry Labouchere, M.P., the chief proprietor of *Truth*, in which journal the libel complained of was published. A number of witnesses testified to the benefit they had received from the treatment at the plaintiff's hands. In summing up, the Lord Chief Justice said that during the twenty months the plaintiff had practised at Holland Park no single case of incompetence or bad treatment had been alleged against him. Whether it was right or wrong, gentlemen with foreign qualifications were at liberty to practise in this country. The jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff, awarding £1000 damages. Stay of execution for a week was granted in order that defendant might consider whether he would appeal.

Borstal Convicts' Bid for Freedom.—Two men named Wilson and Sullivan, undergoing sentences at Borstal Prison, made an unsuccessful attempt to escape last week. While at work with a gang between the prison and Borstal village, they suddenly bolted, evidently in the hope that they would find cover for the night, and eventually escape along the banks of the Medway. A warder named Daltry, who pursued them, was injured by Wilson, who threw a large stone at him. Other warders joined in the chase, and eventually the convicts, after jumping a high hedge, were captured and taken back to the punishment-cells. Both the men had nearly completed their sentences.

Three Years for Vitriol-Throwing.—At the Leeds Assizes a young married woman named Lavinia Coulson was sentenced to three years' penal servitude for blinding Hannah Kenefick, of Keighley, by throwing vitriol in her face. Miss Kenefick, of whom Mrs. Coulson was jealous, was a housemaid in the service of a Keighley veterinary surgeon. One day in November last, Mrs. Coulson, dressed in male attire and wearing a moustache, called at the house. Miss Kenefick answered the door, whereupon Mrs. Coulson, after asking for aims, threw some vitriol in her face. Miss Kenefick was blinded in one eye, and the sight of the other was subsequently lost. In cross-examination, the victim of the outrage admitted that she had on one occasion gone for a drive with the prisoner's husband. Mrs. Coulson admitted throwing the fluid, but said she did not realise the serious consequences of the act. She was very distressed, and would willingly give one of her eyes to Miss Kenefick if it were possible to undergo such an operation. The jury found prisoner guilty, but recommended her to mercy on account of her husband's conduct.



THE DUEL BETWEEN CHEVALIER PINI AND BARON MALATO.

THIS DUEL LASTED OVER TWO HOURS AND RESULTED IN PINI'S BEING SLIGHTLY WOUNDED.



Photo. "Typical."

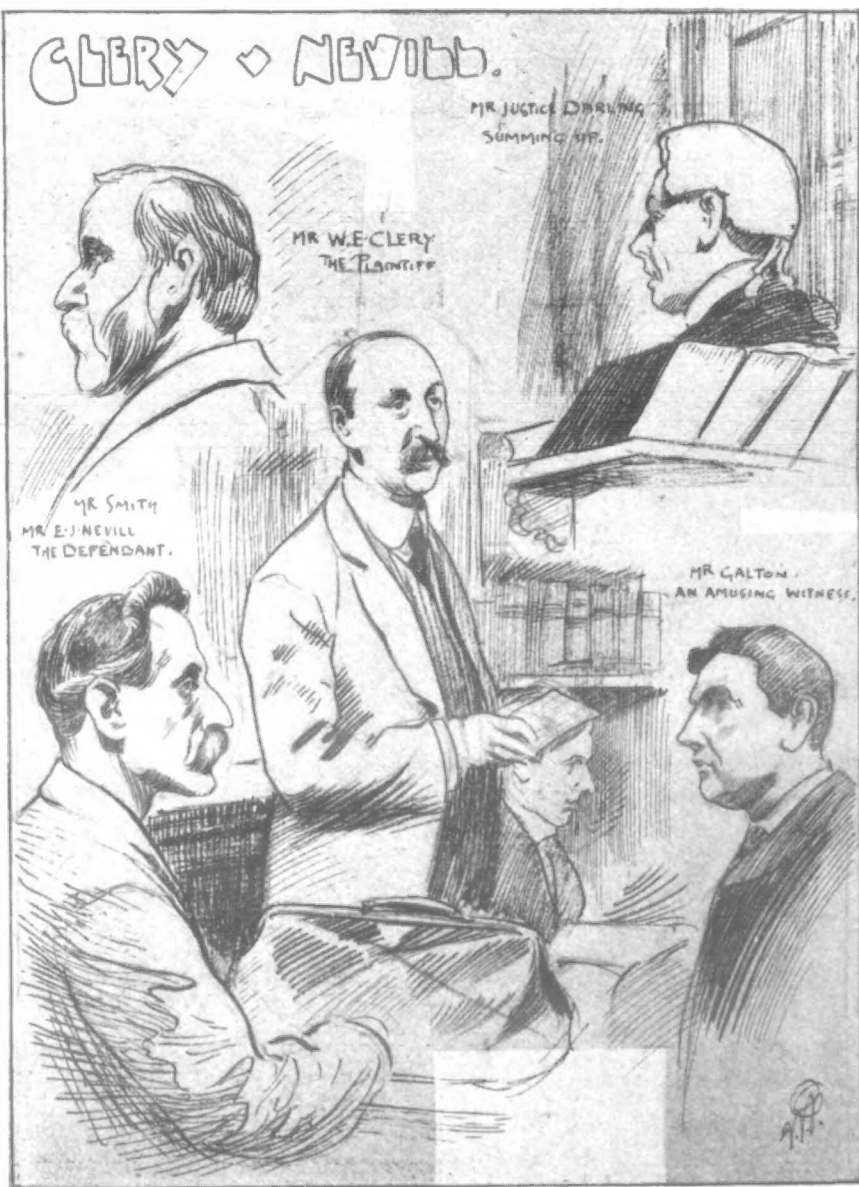
P.C. GEORGE GUNNER,

THE PLUCKY POLICEMAN WHO DIED FROM BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE IN AN ATTEMPT TO SAVE A WOMAN FROM DROWNING.

his immersion. In recognition of the constable's bravery, the Rector of St. Andrew's-by-the-Wardrobe started a fund, and £15 was collected. The Lord Mayor was among the subscribers.

The Italian Exhibition.—One of the strongest and most attractive features for the delight of visitors to Earl's Court during the coming Italian Exhibition will be the famous musical combinations. Italian music will, of course, be predominant this season. An Italian band and other leading performers of that nation's melodies have been arranged for; these, together with British military bands, which will include the most noted in the Army, should ensure a rare and unexcelled variety of daily entertainment. In addition to the old and popular favourites, the Grenadier Guards, conducted by Mr. A. Williams, Mus. Bac., from Dublin the Royal Irish Fusiliers ("Faugh-a-Ballagh"), under Mr. A. J. Dunn, will come almost new to Londoners. Of those bands better known in the Metropolis the 2nd Life Guards and the Irish Guards will be conducted by Mr. C. Hall and Mr. C. H. Hassell respectively; while lovers of the rattle and dash of a smart cavalry band will be delighted by the programmes of the famous 21st Lancers.

The Opera Season at Covent Garden this year promises to be very successful, beginning as it does with Royal and aristocratic support of the most liberal kind. There has been much discussion respecting the demand for State aid; but the Royal Opera Syndicate can very well dispense with such assistance, which, instead of helping them, would probably cramp their efforts. There will be no special programme for this season.



THE ACTION FOR ALLEGED SLANDER: SPECIAL "P.I.P." SKETCHES AT THE LAW COURTS.



TALIEN WAN BAY WHICH WAS BOMBARDED BY THE JAPANESE LAST WEEK.

THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS HOW THE MANCHURIAN RAILWAY IS EXPOSED TO ATTACK FROM THE SEA.



JAPANESE INFANTRY IN KOREA: HOW THEY TAKE COVER.

To Correspondents.

ALL Artistic and Literary Communications for this Journal should be addressed to "The Editor of THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER," 198, Strand, London, and should be accompanied by the name and address of the sender, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

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THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

FOOTBALL.

LAST SATURDAY was a day of internationals. Two were under Association rules, and one under the Rugby code. At Belfast, Ireland met England for the twenty-third time, and once again the Irishmen proved unequal to the task of beating the Saxon. Up to date, England have won twenty-two matches in the series, and from the result of Saturday's match it would appear that Ireland's chosen are still a long way behind England's best. From a football standpoint it was not a particularly good game, and though England won by three goals to one, there was not a great deal of merit in the performance.

Scotland met Wales at Dundee, but the representatives of the Principality were greatly weakened by the inability



CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY v. THE ARMY: CAMBRIDGE PRESSING IN FRONT OF ARMY GOAL.

fully deserved their success, as on the play their football was much superior.

The match between Small Heath and West Bromwich Albion, played on the Albion's ground at the Hawthorns, was somewhat of a surprise, for the "Heathens" unexpectedly won by one goal to nil. As the score would indicate, it was a tough fight, and it was only in the last two minutes that the point was gained. Another meritorious performance was that of Stoke, who drew with the League champions, Sheffield Wednesday, at Owlerton. The

There were two club matches of more than ordinary interest in town. Blackheath entertained West of Scotland at Rectory Field, and here again faulty place-kicking cost the home team the match, the result being a win for the Scotsmen by two goals to two tries. London Scottish received a visit from Oxford University, the match being played at Richmond, the Dark Blues winning by 14 points to 4.

ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

Athletics would have fallen rather flat last Saturday but for

with Barclay second, the latter being only beaten by a foot in 10 1-5 sec. Barclay reversed the order in the quarter, which he won in 52 sec. An old Cantab in G. Howard-Smith won the high jump with the capital leap of 5 ft. 11 1/2 in., and E. E. Leader was by no means outclassed, as he cleared the bar at 5 ft. 10 1/2 in.

The Londoners had to thank their opponents for their win in the half-mile, as J. F. Spink was lent to them by the Light Blues, and he created the surprise of the day by winning in 2 min. 34-5 sec.; while H. W. Gregson had little difficulty in securing the mile, though the time, 4 min. 29-5 sec., was by no means up to his form. The best performance of the day was A. R. Churchill's two miles in 9 min. 36-5 sec., and it is needless to say that his opponents were outclassed. The other events produced no performance out of the common.

In cross-country circles the London Business Houses Championship resulted in an interesting contest. The race took place at Walthamstow, and the first man home was G. Pearce, of Harrod's Stores. A. G. Horne, of Wall's, was second, and R. Reeve, of Vickers, Son, and Maxims, was third. Last year's winners, Great Eastern Railway, again won the club championship with a total of 43 points; Wall's were second with 46, E.C.D.O. third, and Harrod's Stores fourth.

The Irish National Championship was decided at Clonskeagh, the first man home being J. J. Daly, of the Galway Harriers. His club also won the championship. The Welshmen decided their blue riband on the same day. In this E. Francis, of Cathays, Cardiff, was first, and Newport were the first club home. In club circles in the London district there were no events worth recording.



CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY v. THE ARMY: CAMBRIDGE TAKE THE BALL INTO ARMY QUARTERS.

of some of the best players in the English League clubs to assist their native country. Scotland were likewise not at full strength, but they led at half-time by one goal to nil. In the second half, however, the wearers of the leek played up surprisingly well and just made a draw of it. It is worthy of note that out of twenty-eight games played Wales have so far failed to score a win.

Sixteen clubs in the First Division of the League were engaged in that tourney, and eighteen in the Second Division. Wolverhampton Wanderers, playing at home, gained a capital win over Aston Villa, though only by three goals to two. It was a very hard battle throughout, and the Wanderers scored the winning goal in the last few minutes. Sheffield United suffered yet another reverse, Liverpool beating them by three goals to nil. Judging by their latest form, the Bramall Lane team have gone right off the fine form they displayed earlier in the season.

In some of their matches this season Derby County have proved themselves prolific scorers. Against Notts Forest, however, the boot was on the other foot, for the Forest completely overran them and beat them by five goals to one. Everton went to Sunderland only to be beaten, the Wear-siders winning the match by two goals to nil. The winners

home team had several of their best players away, and this to some extent accounts for it.

It was only a poor game between Middlesbrough and Newcastle United, and there was nothing great in the

the match between Cambridge University and the L.A.C. at Fenner's, the home of fast times, as witness the performance of J. Churchill during the week, and A. E. Hind a few years previous. Both of the runners named have been credited with having run the 100 yards in 9 4-5 sec., but

The Cambridge team for the 'Varsity Sports on March 26 at the Queen's Club is a very powerful one, and Gregson will probably play a big part in the events in which he is entered. It is expected that T.R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales will honour the meeting with their presence.

ROWING.

Now the University crews are on tidal waters, we may form an idea of their capabilities. The resignation of W. C. Willis, the Oxford president, in favour of R. W. Somers-Smith, was not at all unexpected, and it says much for the sportsmanlike feeling of Willis that he should have voluntarily given up his seat in the boat. So many changes have been made by the Oxford authorities that it is scarcely any wonder that the Dark Blues are not so forward in condition as their rivals, and practically a final settlement was not decided upon until last Saturday. I don't envy Mr. Fletcher his place as coach, but there can be no doubt that the famous old Blue will get every ounce out of his charges.

Oxford did a fairly good trial last Saturday, when they rowed the full course from Putney to Mortlake in 22 min. 10 sec. on a slack tide. Some judges contend that they should have done better; others say that the Oxonians have so much room for improvement that they will astonish the critics between this and the day of the race. Meanwhile, Cambridge are rowing in beautiful style, and unless the Dark Blues show quite abnormal improvement I expect the Cantabs will reach the Ship at Mortlake first next Saturday.

HOCKEY.

An easy victory was registered by the English players who "fielded" against Wales at Bath last Saturday. In spite of England's superiority, however, the Welsh were first to score through Bayliss, and it was not until after the interval that the home side were able to draw level. But the opening of the second half was sensational, and in ten minutes England had gained four goals, Smith, Pethick, Greening, and Smith scoring in the order named. England thus were winners by four goals to one. BANSHEE.



THE 'VARSITY BOAT-RACE: CAMBRIDGE TRAINING.

United's performance in winning by three goals to one. It is possible that Middlesbrough's Cup-tie with Manchester City had taken a lot out of them, but whatever the cause, they quite failed to give their proper form. The meeting of Manchester City and Blackburn Rovers served to add further testimony to the present splendid form of the City team, the Rovers being quite outclassed and beaten by five goals to two.

In the Second Division there were two matches of more than ordinary importance. These were between Bristol City and Preston North End and the return match between Woolwich Arsenal and Stockport. In the first match North End came a bad cropper, and were beaten by three goals to one, but the Arsenal emerged on the right side of the hedge with a five to two victory.

In the latter case Stockport had the distinction of scoring two goals on Manor Field, a feat which had up to then proved beyond the capabilities of any other club. The Arsenal followed up their win by beating Bristol City on Monday, and they are now not only fairly safe for a place in the First Division, but should go remarkably close to outpacing Preston North End in the run in for first place.

The Southern League matches fell rather flat. The 'Spurs had four men away playing in internationals, and this should be very nearly a record. As a consequence, the Tottenham team could only draw with Brentford. Fulham beat Wellington by two goals to nil; and at Swindon the home club beat West Ham United by one goal to nil. In "friendly" matches, the great feature was another capital win for the Corinthians, who, with a weak team, beat Notts County. The amateurs were without their regular backs, Blackburn and Timmins, as well as the Cambridge captain, S. S. Harris. This, following on their great win over Bury, stamps them as having recovered some of the form of their palmy days.

In Rugby circles the sensation of the week was provided by the victory of Ireland over Wales. It was a game in which the issue was in doubt right up to the last minute, and the result was decided by a place kick, as the Irishmen won by one goal three tries (14 points) against four tries (12 points) by Wales. The result leaves the Calcutta Cup match between England and Scotland very open; but of that more next week.

as Hind's time was not accepted by the Amateur Athletic Association, it is scarcely likely that Churchill will be more fortunate.

The card contained ten events, and the Cantabs won by six events to four. Of course, Churchill won the sprint,



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THE RACING WORLD.

WE were treated on Saturday last to what we had waited for so long—namely, a good lead in the betting market worth following for the Lincolnshire Handicap. With thankfulness I record that one of the tips the money gave—not only one lead, but two strong hints—that candidates were all right came at the end of the week—that Cerisier was one of the "tipped." As P.T.P. readers are aware, I have repeatedly recorded that I found Lord Marcus Beresford's horse the soundest of all mentioned in the lists. Since I began to recommend him, his price has shrunk from 25 to 1 to 8 to 1 well taken, and I should be by no means surprised to find him start absolutely favourite. At the same time the Maher party are strong, and they may keep Cossack at the head of the quotations.

It will be too late next week for me to give friends the benefit of later observation of the market and training business so far as the Lincoln race is concerned; but I can well have some final words on the Grand National Steeplechase. At present I will deal with the affair in short measure. Drumree and John M.P. have been scratched; but in their place we have Benvenir well fancied, and he will be ridden by Percy Woodland, who would have been up on the Cranbourne selected if Sir Charles Nugent had been represented. Their going does in a way make the



THE 'VARSITY BOAT-RACE: THE OXFORD CREW AT PUTNEY.



LONDON ATHLETIC CLUB v. CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CLUB: G. HOWARD-SMITH WINNING THE HIGH JUMP FOR LONDON.

road more open for my early fancies. Without going more into probabilities and possibilities, I will declare now for Ambush II. and Detail.

To return to Lincoln. The field will not be so large as expected, and already one of the well-backed ones, Marsden, of whom Mr. Stedall had great hopes, has been tried and found wanting. I daresay that before the day the paper strength of the field will be considerably reduced further. Cossack, who will be ridden, of course, by Maher, has done very well indeed in his preparation, and pleased his trainer much. Sir James Miller, the owner, has not backed the horse, and does not intend to do so until he sees how he goes at the scene of action. Critics declare that he will not stay the mile, and, moreover, is sure to be beaten if the ground is soft. Against this we have the fact that 'cute judges put their money on.

Cossack

will be my first choice. Now as to Cerisier, we cannot find out much by the book, except that much was expected from him as a youngster, or he would not have been entered for such important stakes—he ran in the Derby—as he was. If half a good horse, he ought to win with 6 st. 6 lb.; and if MacIntyre can only get away with him, the 5 lb. allowance should go a very long way towards making the race a certainty. I am quite aware that he has others to beat, but also know that it has always been good money that was laid out on his account. Next to Cossack I prefer

Cerisier.

And after these I am inclined to stand Speculator

as the next dangerous. He is a horse I always did like, and I hear the best accounts of his progress. William Leader, who is the working trainer for Sir Ernest Cassel, has few superiors in his business, and already Speculator looks one of the fittest horses in training at Newmarket.

Barbette I should like better if she had a stronger boy up. Of Uninsured and Dumbarton Castle I dare not speak with any confidence. Either might revolutionise the whole market in double-quick time. For in neither, so far, has confidence been shown, though now and then a sort of spurt was made. Schnapps now is a different sort. Genuine deals have kept Sherrard's horse steady, and strengthening, too. Schnapps came on a good deal last back-end, and I know that the stable is confident in their quiet way. No one who saw Lady Help come up the Cambridgeshire Hill and win the Old Cambridgeshire in a canter would leave Mr. Pulley's mare out of a backing book. She has been given plenty of work, and is not only fit, but full of go. Pretty nearly all said in Schnapps' favour may be repeated on Switch Cap's account. The Manchester November Handicap winner likes soft ground better than hard. I fancy we shall not have the latter at Lincoln.

Portullis I cannot stand at any price. He has gone close in this very race and might win, but you never know when he is going to try or how soon he will stop. Pan Michael is said to be fancied at Foxhill; Aggressor will see a much shorter price if the Thursday stable are at all fond of him, but he trained off a lot last autumn. Eminent has some very decent form to recommend him. Besides these one can catalogue a whole row of possible starters, and a good proportion of them may face Mr. Coventry on March 22. Bachelor's Button is one. Bibury has been backed a little; Bistonian also. Caraval is probably too slow. Catty Crag has been quiet. Duke of Westminster, like others of Darling's horses, may not be fit yet awhile. Fleeting Love, Holme Lacy, Kitcherun, King's Birthday, Noblesse, Winkfield's Fortune, Solicitor, and Wolfshall have all been doing work. Ypsilanti will scarcely be ready, though given strong gallops lately. Salute I have some liking for.

As I must decide now, I shall take the three prominently mentioned, and go for Cossack, Cerisier, and

Speculator, hoping that neither Dumbarton Castle nor one of Fallon's, Uninsured or Ypsilanti, may be fancied at the finish. BENDIGO.

BILLIARDS.

Exhibition games are just now the order among the professionals. Stevenson and Bateman introduced a little diversion in the shape of pyramids during their engagement at Manchester, and in these Bateman proved the winner, with a score of 305 to 325. The billiard match, which was of 16,000 up, Bateman receiving 4000 start, was won by Stevenson by 937. Dawson and Dizzle finish their match at Bradford to-morrow.

At last Cambridge have won the billiards in their annual contest with Oxford. The Dark Blues made a capital show, as University play goes, but Wilson and Greenfield, of Cambridge, proved to be superior, and for the first time for eight years the Cantabs came out on top. It is just as well that the honours should go to them, for monotony is far from charming.

LACROSSE.

One of the most eagerly awaited and strenuously contested games ever played for the South of England Senior Flagg was that between Catford and Surbiton, who met in the final tie at Lord's last Saturday. There was scarcely a pin to choose between the two sides, but Catford had rather the better of the shooting, and won by eight goals to six. The flag and medals were presented to the winners by Miss Ramsey, sister of the well-known Woodford player.

Cambridge Team for Sports.—The following is the Cambridge team for the Oxford and Cambridge Sports at Queen's Club on March 26: 100 Yards—J. Churchill and R. W. Barclay. Quarter-mile—R. W. Barclay and J. Churchill. Half-mile—H. W. Gregson and H. Van Namen. One mile—H. W. Gregson, A. R. Welsh, and R. P. Crabbe. Three miles—A. R. Churchill, A. S. D. Smith, and H. F. Coggin. Hurdles—F. H. Teall and U. H. Deane. Weight—Hon. G. W. Lyttelton and L. M. McLeod. Hammer—M. Spicer and E. L. Chambers. High jump—E. E. Leader and C. S. Doorly. Long jump—S. Abrahams and E. E. Paget Tomlinson.

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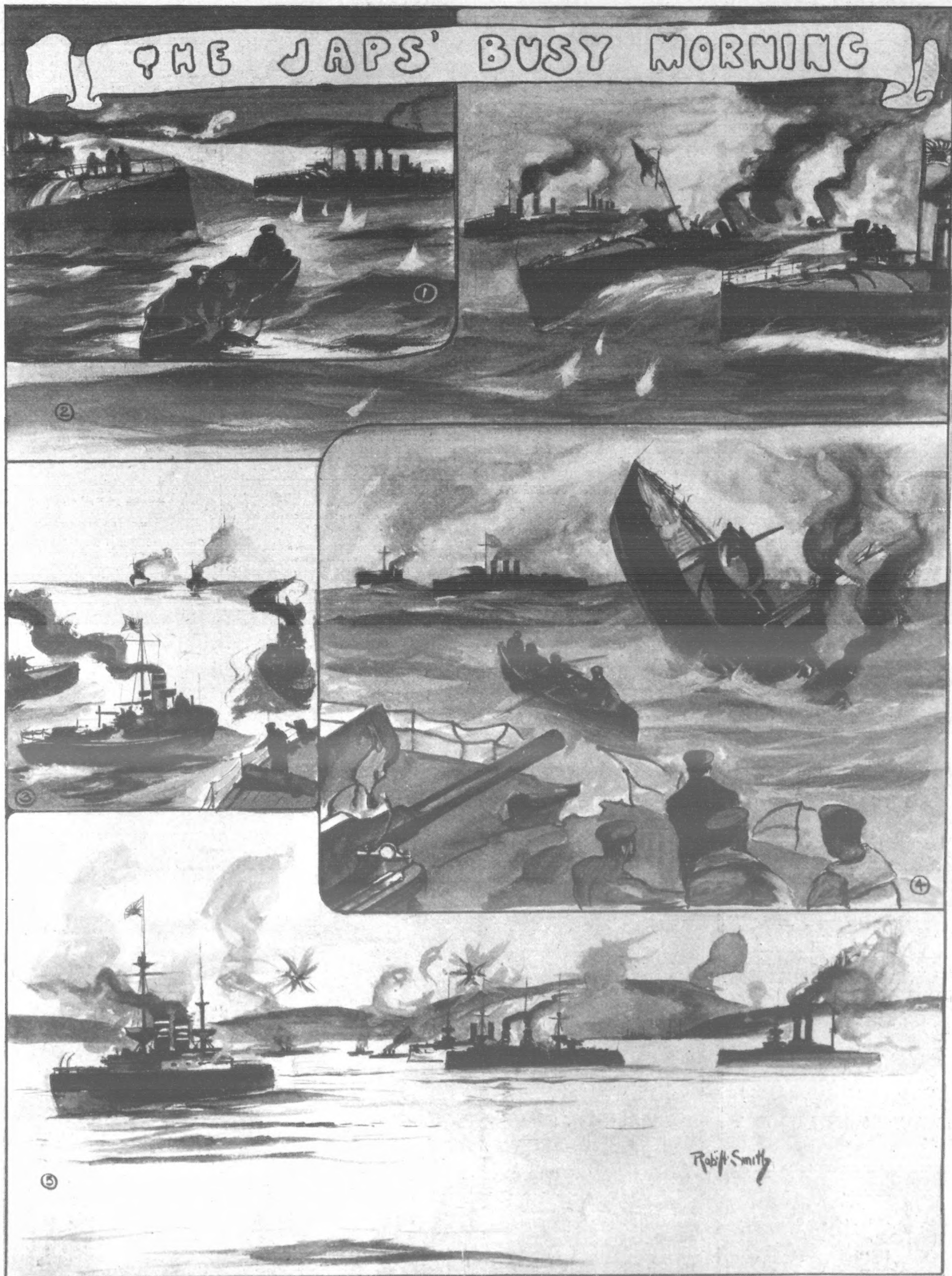
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MOUNTED SCOUTS HAVE A SKIRMISH NEAR PING-YANG.

Russian and Japanese scouts had an encounter north of Ping-Yang on March 10. After a brief engagement, the Russians retreated. There were no casualties on either side.



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2. Fighting the Russian Flotilla.

3. Attacking Two Russian Torpedo-Boats.

4. Saving Drowning Russians and Taking them Aboard the "Sazanami."

5. Firing on the Land Batteries.

WHAT THE JAPANESE DID ON MARCH 10 AT PORT ARTHUR.

(Full Details on page 178.)

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THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

THE warm and sunny days last week
brought out such a show of spring goods
in the shop-windows that the crowds
who gathered to admire them were
dazzled and bewildered. The very newest and
most dainty of blouses, the most fascinating of
hats and toques, and really handsome mantles
in silk, satin, and cloth were on view; and, as to
the artificial flowers, never have I seen anything
to equal them. How very clever floral artists
have become! The roses—yellow and pink—
laburnum, wallflower, lilies-of-the-valley, nastur-
tium, iris, and apple blossom can all be bought,
and they look so natural that I should think
that, in the country, bees would try to rifle
them of their honey! Quills upon hats are
going out, I am thankful to say, and the old-
fashioned early or mid-Victorian veil has
arrived. I am sorry, for it is no

Ornament to a Woman's Head.

It is worn loosely upon the hat or toque, and
it falls in a long or short cascade at the back,
just as the veil worn by a widow falls; and it
is, of course, very much in the way. I am sorry
for the women who wear it when they go about
in omnibuses. There is a great vogue in little
neckties and "stocks," as the new collars are
called. The majority of these "stocks" have
an ornamentation falling in front, and to some
wearers the style is becoming. Black silk
mantles will be very much worn. They are varied
in shape, and the hideous sloping shoulder
is improved by means of the addition of a
collar which falls down over the top of the sleeve.
In fact, everything that is possible is done to
convert a plain and dowdy-looking garment into
a smart and fussy one. I have seen several
mantles in putty-coloured cloth which have
an addition in the form of a shawl-like arrange-
ment, pointed behind, and with two points in
front falling from the neck. Now, in this very
inelegant garment the goddess of beauty herself
would not look well.

The Prettiest of the New Mantles

have wide, fan-like sleeves falling over the
real sleeve, and pretty they are. The feather
stole, which was so much in favour last year,
will this season give place to an improved shape,
which is not a stole, properly speaking, but
a shoulder-cape with long stole-ends. This
shape is quite new and very pretty. The tea-
gowns were never more attractive than they
are this season; but as that special style
of garment is not of much use to women
who have to think seriously of how to lay
out their pounds, shillings, and pence to the
best advantage, I do not give many details con-
cerning them. An inexpensive tea-gown is not
a success as a rule, and a really smart one is not
to be bought at a moderate price. I think it is
wiser, therefore, not to say much about them. I
never saw anything more ugly and ungraceful
than the models upon which the low-fronted
corsets are exhibited in the shop-windows. In
these models there is not the slightest resem-
blance to the human form, and they are there-
fore very misleading as to the fit and style of
the corsets which are exhibited upon them.
Why not have models which give some idea of
the figure of a woman? It would not be
very difficult, I should say. Waistbelts are
worn rather wide at the back and narrow



A "SANDWICH BOY."

For the City man who is always complaining of his
lack of time and inability to spare a moment for
lunch, a new and novel service has just been insti-
tuted by the London Sandwich Co. A regiment of
small boys, in a uniform which recalls the famous
Jaguers of the Messenger Brigade, wait upon the
merchant in his own office with packets of dainty
sandwiches, wrapped in tissue paper, at the remark-
ably small fee of threepence per packet. This idea
of luncheon in one's own office, without even the
preliminary trouble of going out to order what one
wants, seems specially interesting, and is an idea for
which we are indebted not to America, from whence
it is usual to attribute all smart ideas, but to one of
our Colonies, the notion having, we understand,
originated in Australia.

in front; also, the waist at the middle of
the back should look shortened up, and then
slope down lower at the sides and still lower at
the front. The pouch is worn still, but it is
rather smaller than it was last year. The old
coat and skirt is not much seen, but little
mantles and cape-like arrangements are made
of the same material as the dresses, but they are
worn out of doors only.

To a correspondent I reply that as she is
living in the country she can have the curtains
in the drawing-room of her cottage of

Chintz or Pretty Cretonne.

Either material will keep clean for a long time
in the purer air. In London they are impos-
sible, unless money is plentiful, for they need
constant cleaning. Yes; you are quite right.
The London Season is supposed to begin with
the meeting of Parliament, but its official
beginning is the first Court held by the King,
and it is never in full swing until after Easter.
It then goes on, with more or less brilliancy,
until the end of July, when everyone is supposed
to go out of town. But should the death of any
Royal personage at home or abroad take place
between February and July, the Court festivities
do not take place or are much reduced in number.
The State balls, concerts, and banquets are

given up. It is very bad for trade when the
Court functions do not take place.

In reply to another correspondent who signs
her letter "Willing to Work," I reply that
women hold the appointments of sanitary
inspectors under town and borough council.
Women are employed by the Home Office as
factory inspectors. They are also inspectors
of children who are boarded out; and there are
three women, if not more, who are employed
under the

Shop Assistants' Hours Act.

Women who hold the diploma of the National
Health Society, or the certificates of the
Sanitary Institute, are likely, all other things
being equal, to be preferred as a matter of
course.

To another question by the same correspondent
I reply that capital would be required to open a
motor-car or cyclists' rest in a country district.
I should not like to start one with less than two
hundred or two hundred and fifty pounds. There
should be bed-rooms in the house, in case a
motorist or cyclist wished to stay for a night
or two, and there should be a barn, or good
shelter of some kind, for the cars. The light
refreshments—such as tea, coffee, fruit, and
cream—should be of the very best, and the
dinners and luncheons may be simple; but the
best meat, fowls, and vegetables should be set
before the "paying guests." There should be
nothing slipshod or muddled in the arrange-
ments.

You will be buying something for the Spring
just now, won't you? You might as well get it
good and cheap at the same time. Messrs.
Leathley and Co. will send you their catalogue
of spring and summer goods on application,
and my readers cannot do better than apply to
them.

And now I am going to wind up with a short

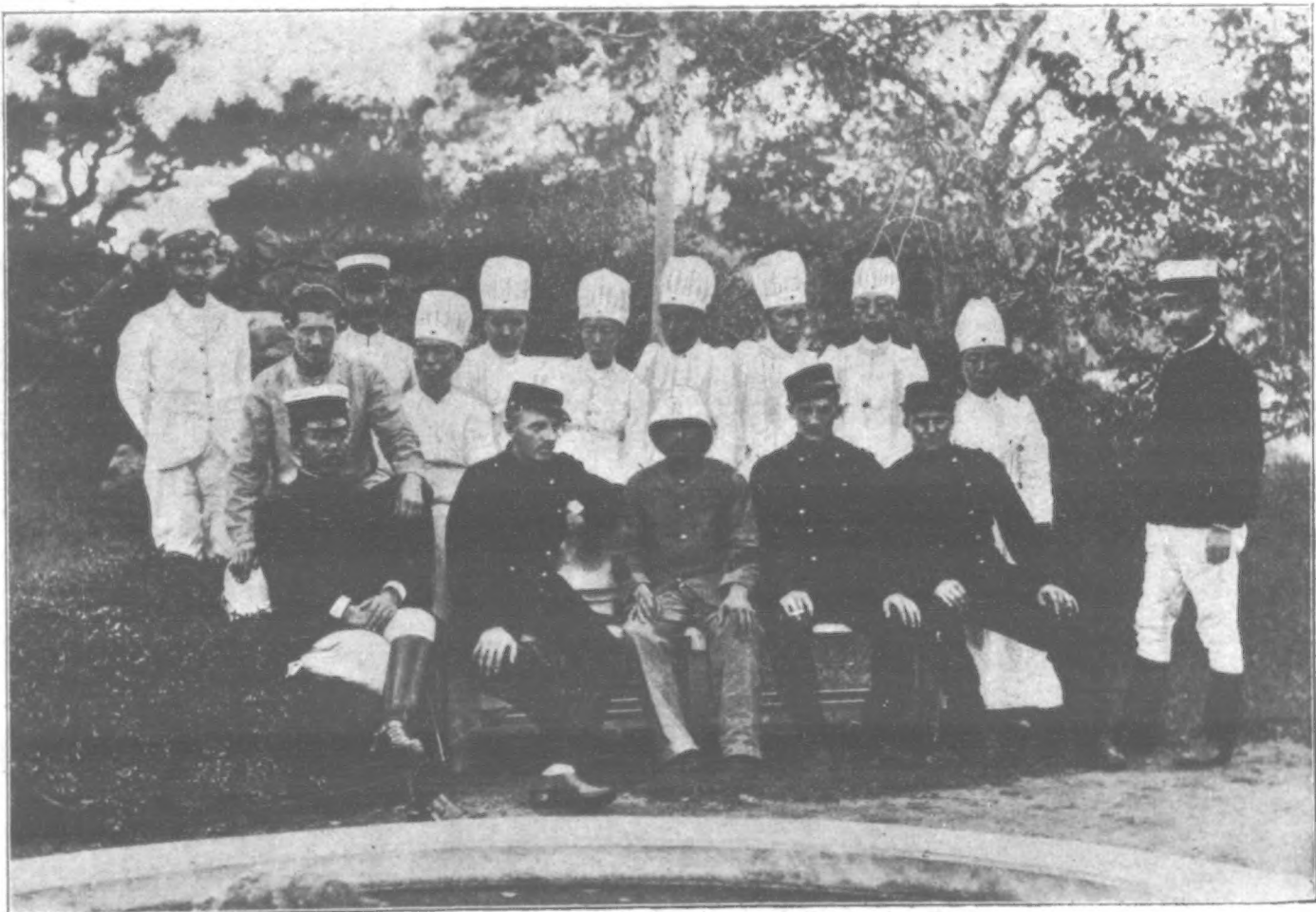
Blue Sky Ballad.

The true philosopher is one
Who wastes no time in fretting
O'er some fine peach beyond his reach.
But likes the fruit he's getting.
So let's be wise in our affairs,
And, cleverly beguiling
Dame Fortune's frown, go up and down
This good old world a-smiling.

MARGUERITE.

On Easter Monday Mr. Oswald Brand will
produce at the Grand Theatre "The Bridge of
Sighs," suggested by Hood's celebrated poem.

Picture Postcards.—Those of our readers
who like picture postcards—and who does
not?—will do well to ask their stationer to
show them the novelties issued by Messrs.
Raphael Tuck and Sons. The famous firm
have indeed a splendid stock from which to
select. They publish cards of all kinds, and
just now are making quite a hit with their
humorous series. The "Leap Year" and
"Fiscal" postcards are distinctly good, and the
complete absence of all vulgarity enhances their
value. When it is mentioned that Messrs.
Tuck's range of humorous designs include the
work of artists of high standing such as Lance
Thackeray, Phil May, Hilda Cowham, Hamish,
Poy, Frank Reynolds, Crow, Cecil Aldin,
Gunning King, Edward King, etc., it will
give full evidence that the bright humour in
their cards loses nothing in pungency because
of the healthiness and purity of tone which
they are determined to maintain in them.

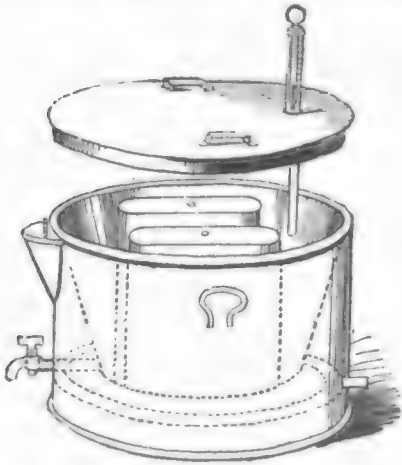


A GROUP OF JAPANESE MILITARY NURSES.

"P.I.P." Farmer and Gardener.

A Milk Scalder.

THE appliance inquired about by my Dudley correspondent is a simple and handy apparatus for scalding small quantities of milk left on hand. It consists of an outer pan to be filled with water and heated in the usual way. Its peculiarity lies in the chambers in the centre, shown in the illustration, which render it quick in action and prevent the skin of



A MILK SCALDER.

clotted cream forming on the milk, as it is well known that if this skin is once formed the cream will never mix back in the milk, whereas milk properly treated in the "Ve-rilix," and run over a refrigerator immediately, retains all its cream, and having no burnt or scalded flavour, is fit for sale as new milk.

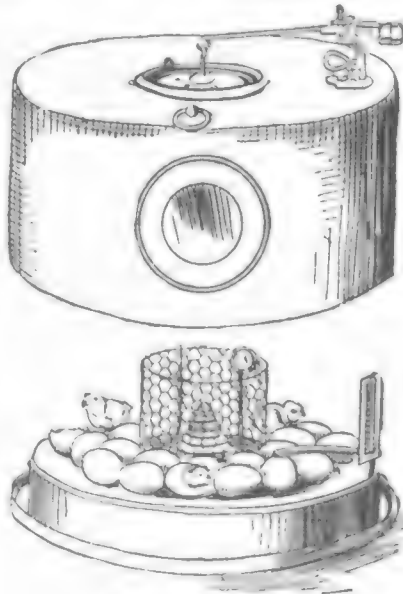
Poultry Hints.

If a "piece of land" is part of a well-drained meadow, and one wishes to keep the grass in fairly good condition, it is large enough for a dozen adult fowls. If it be gravelly soil devoid of grass, it will easily accommodate from thirty to forty fowls and will leave room for chicken-rearing. Chickens are not reared, but hatched, in incubators; the period is three weeks, the same as if the eggs were put under a hen. Forty hens will require from two to eight cocks, much depending on breed, on accommodation, and on season. For instance, for active non-sitting hens on an unlimited range during spring, one cock will serve twenty. If the runs are confined, a cock should not have more than ten hens during that season. Again, a cock of the sitting breeds kept under similar conditions should have not more than a dozen at large, and six in confinement. Further, it is sometimes found

advisable not to allow a male bird more than four mates. Pullets sometimes commence to lay when they are five months old. Table birds are often "ready for the spit" at four months. A chicken becomes a fowl as soon as it emerges from the shell; a chicken is a fowl, although a foal is not always a chicken. As a rule, a hen ceases to be profitable as a layer after her second season, although she may be useful as a layer until she is seven or eight years old. A hen may continue to sit, at certain periods, until she is eight years old—that is, we have heard of eight-year-old hens proving suitable sitters. A hen fowl can sit on as many as twenty eggs and hatch them, but there are times when it is advisable not to allow her more than six eggs.

The "Cosy" Incubator.

I am pleased to be in a position to recommend this now widely known incubator, which was invented by Miss Wilson-Wilson, one of our most successful poultry specialists, and sold to a London firm, of whom it may now be obtained at a very cheap rate. It is simple in construction, inexpensive, occupies but little space, and is durable; while gas-fittings, if desired, are placed instead of an oil-lamp without extra charge. It is constructed throughout of the best material and finished in a first-class



A MODEL INCUBATOR.

manner; it is neat in appearance, and owing to the absence of a hot-water tank there is no fear of a leakage of water, so that it can be placed, if desired, in an ordinary room. An even temperature can be maintained inside the apparatus even when placed in a room or building subject to great

variations of temperature, this result being obtained by means of a regulator, which is absolutely automatic in its action, thoroughly reliable, and so sensitive that the temperature can be kept within half a degree throughout the whole hatch. As regards ventilation, the outside walls of the incubators are made of a special tested material, which, while acting as a non-conductor, allows free access of air to the eggs throughout the whole period of incubation, without the least suspicion of draught.

Wages of Farm Labourers in America.

An exceedingly useful and timely bulletin of over sixty pages reaches me this week from the Department of Agriculture, U.S.A., dealing with the above topic. It has been said by some people that even though the wages of the artisan classes may in general be higher in America than in England, yet in the case of the agricultural labourer the wages in England are much higher than in America. Of course, one story is good until another is told; and in the bulletin alluded to we have the other side of the question, and from official sources. One of the numerous tables gives the wages of farm labour per month for the year, without board. Taking a dollar to represent 4s., then the lowest wage of a labourer works out at 24s. per annum, or just over 17s. a week. Going to the other extreme, and taking the highest wages paid, we see that these are £18s. per annum, or £2 13s. a week. A further examination shows that the wages generally paid are about £7s. a year, or just over £1 8s. a week.

Planting Herbaceous Phloxes.

Any who desire the best results from their herbaceous phloxes in the late summer of 1904 should not now long delay transplanting where this is at all necessary, says a writer in *Gardening Illustrated*. Not that such work is needful each year, but it may be done in not a few instances every third or fourth year with advantage, so far as the flowering is concerned. Speaking generally, the third year may be accepted as the maximum, inasmuch as after that period the plants become so unduly crowded with stems that it is not possible for all to develop good heads of bloom. A thinning of the shoots may be adopted in such cases, it is true, but this will not benefit the exhausted soil in close proximity to the plants. It is, indeed, greatly due to the gross feeding nature of the phlox that transplanting with division is so essential to continued success. In a wet and comparatively useless year, like that of 1903, many fine clumps of phloxes that had not been replanted for seven years at least carried very handsome trusses of flower, some of the examples bearing as many as three dozen heads of bloom each. If the year been very dry, however, these very old masses would be the first to show the exhausted nature of the soil around. Hence it is important to avoid such, and be prepared for emergencies. The present moist condition of the soil is very suitable for the work of replanting, particularly in those soils that quickly drain when the rain ceases. In all such soils no time should be lost in getting the work done. In the more holding soils early planting is less important, but even in these there is loss rather than gain by any material delay.

A Hardy Cage-Bird.

The cockatoo is the hardest of the parrot tribe, the various varieties being readily distinguished by their tuft. It is rather a difficult task to teach them to speak, but they are easily tamed, and soon learn to listen, understand, and obey. Indeed, in intelligence they are superior to all other parrots, and they have a mildness and grace in their movements which add much to their beauty and value.

The most common variety is the great white cockatoo, which has a tuft of feathers on the head about 5 in. in length, which it can raise or depress at pleasure. Its plumage is of a white colour, except the larger feathers of the wing and a part of the tail, which have a yellowish



THE COCKATOO.

primrose hue on the inner part. The iris of the eye is a dark brown tint, with a white circle. It is a native of the Moluccas, and its food is similar to that of other large species of the parrot tribe. In domestication the best food is white bread soaked in milk, to which a little vegetables, and an occasional change of barley, wheat, oats, and the like, may be advantageously added. The best kind of cage is a large bell-shaped one, from the top of which is suspended a large double hoop, or ring-formed globe, which serves the bird for exercise during the day and forms its roost at night.

Our Rural Readers

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BY ANNIE O. TIBBITS,

Author of "Tempted," "The Case of Sybil Sheringham," "An Ugly Mystery,"
"The Lord of Lammis," "Her Last Adventure," etc.

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CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

HE choked back something in his throat and tried to speak.

"Clarence House?" he repeated. Should he or should he not tell them that that was where he had taken his new studio? For the life of him he could not think how to act. There was May—the girl he loved—to defend, and his brain was whirling, and it seemed an age before he forced the words from his lips at last.

"Why, that is where my new rooms are," he said hoarsely.

Mr. Wilson turned quickly.

"Indeed?" he said. "That's curious. I suppose you have seen nothing of Mr. Roger Fairfax?"

Dick shook his head.

"Nothing," he said. He was aware that Lady Fairfax's eyes had left Mr. Wilson's face and were fixed on his own sharply, keenly, curiously. Did she see that he had something to hide? Was he betraying himself?

He drew himself up and steeled his voice.

"I've scarcely been there as yet," he said. "It is only just straight."

He thought of last night and of May, and his hand trembled as he lifted his cup to his lips.

Lady Fairfax drew a deep, shuddering breath, and stood with her head bent, staring down at the dull logs. Her ears were alert. She was waiting.

"It is a curious coincidence," Mr. Wilson remarked. "To tell you the truth, I am rather anxious to hear more about Roger Fairfax. So far, no one has been able to catch sight of him. He wrote us first a day or two ago, and we have sent to him repeatedly since, but no one can find him at home. It occurred to us, of course, that he might be an impostor, although the papers he sent us are all genuine enough, and there seems no doubt about his handwriting. Still, we are anxious to see him himself; and now I am anxious to have an interview with Sir James as soon as possible."

Dick hesitated.

"I hate the thought of bothering him about a will just now," he said; "and I hate the thought of stepping into Roger's property. I wish you'd try if Sir James is well enough to make him alter his mind about things."

Mr. Wilson glanced backwards at Lady Fairfax. Why had Sir James altered his mind at all? Why was he not leaving his estate, as he had intended to do a year ago, to his wife? He looked at her graceful, drooping figure against the mantel-shelf, and the thought that had come to him last night came to him again; that it was unfair to her—abominably unfair.

If he could have seen her face just then perhaps he might have altered his mind. It was set and rigid and white, and her eyes, fixed on the logs beneath her, were hard and sharp.

"I am to see Sir James this afternoon," Mr. Wilson said, "and from what I have heard of Roger Fairfax it is most desirable that he should make a will."

Lady Fairfax turned quickly. The tigerish look had gone from her face. The flashing, ugly look that had been in her eyes a moment ago had vanished, and she looked gentle enough as she faced the two men.

"As everybody says he was a bad lot, I suppose he was," she said; "but perhaps he has reformed?"

The lawyer shook his head.

"It doesn't seem likely," he replied; "but we should have more chance of finding out if we could see him. Mr. Craddock says he was always reckless and thoughtless, but one would think that after fifteen years the first thing he would do would be to come down to Elverton. Instead of that, he sticks in London and makes not the slightest effort to see Sir James—or even Mr. Craddock, who had the arranging of the money matters when Sir James washed his hands of him fifteen years ago. It's—it's odd anyhow, though Mr. Craddock says it is just like him. He simply doesn't care."

Dick said nothing, but stared at the tablecloth with a sudden thought coming to him. Clarence House! Roger had rooms there! And last night he—Dick—had seen an ugly, still, and terrible figure in the only rooms that were occupied except his own. Suppose the murdered man turned out to be Roger!

He got up suddenly, with the paper clutched in his fingers, and once more, in a fever of impatience and anxiety, he opened it, and ran through the pages in search of the hideous word he expected to find.

There was no mention of it—not so much as a paragraph concerning the man he had seen lying stabbed on the floor, and not a word about any murder.

And May? His head swam and his heart stood still as he thought of her. May a murderer? He could not believe it. There must surely be some explanation, some solution of the mystery; and he would rather believe anybody guilty but her.

He looked up, and his eyes fell on Lady Fairfax. She had moved from the mantelpiece,

and was walking slowly across the room towards the door—a sinuous, graceful figure, a beautiful woman.

"I'd rather believe anyone guilty before May," Dick repeated to himself; and at that instant Lady Fairfax turned and looked at him. Her beautiful eyes went straight to his, and there was an expression in them which he could not understand.

CHAPTER VI.

IT was late that afternoon before Mr. Wilson was permitted to see Sir James. He was in a precarious condition, said the doctor, and the slightest excitement might prove fatal. A second stroke would surely and certainly end his life, and it was possible that the interview might have to be postponed until the following day.

Mr. Wilson chafed a little at the delay, for Mr. Craddock, his partner, had urged him frantically to lose no time in getting the signature to the will in favour of Dick, and to seize the opportunity, at whatever cost, of telling him that Roger was back in England.

"It may help him to live," Mr. Craddock had said, "for he hates Roger, and he would never lie still in his grave if he thought he was going to inherit."

So Mr. Wilson refused to go out, but remained indoors watching the clock and waiting for the summons to take him to the sick-room.

It came at last, and he seized his bag and followed the nurse upstairs. Dick stood on the landing outside the bedroom door, and, pushing it open, ushered Mr. Wilson in.

It was a big room he found himself in—long and wide, with three windows looking out over the broad green country, and with two fireplaces on the other side.

The bed, a great old-fashioned four-poster, stood between them, and on it, behind the red velvet curtains, lay the old man.

He looked very old now—a strange, sunken, helpless man, with a thin, pinched, gaunt face—a face that was hard, and with eyes that were keen and alert still, even though any day might bring his death.

He looked up as Mr. Wilson hurried forward. A grim smile hovered about his thin lips as the lawyer paid him the formal compliment of hoping he was better.

"I shall be better when I'm dead," he said slowly; "and it's time—time—"

Suddenly he looked furtively about the great room. His keen black eyes shot quickly from under their heavy brows across from window to door, and from door back again.

"Are we alone, Dick?" he asked uneasily.

Dick bent hastily over him.

"Yes—quite," he said.

"Are you sure?" Sir James asked again in a hoarse whisper. "Just see—behind the screen, for instance—are you sure no one is hidden there?"

"No, no; there's no one there," Dick said quickly. Sir James had taken to imagine strange things lately, and Dick was disturbed and wretched when he heard of them. The old housekeeper had insisted that it was a sign of death.

He leant over him again.

"It's all right, Governor," he said gently. "Don't get worried. I'll see that nobody comes in. I can't stay here, of course; but I'll go into the ante-room and wait with the nurse, and if you want anybody Mr. Wilson will ring the bell. There's nobody here at all, Governor, and only the nurse in the ante-room."

The old man looked up at him queerly. "You're sure?" he whispered. "I fancy sometimes I can hear a woman's skirts rustling. Hark—now!"

He stopped abruptly, and for an instant Dick listened too. Then he roused himself. It was a superstition that all the Fairfaxes heard the rustle of a woman's garments when they were dying, and Dick shivered as he looked down at Sir James's thin, white face. He had been a hard, strange man, and lived a strange life, but he had been Dick's only friend.

"Oh, no, no!" cried Dick. "There's nothing at all—not a sound. But do you think you ought to be bothered with business just now, Governor? Let's put it off—"

"No, no!" Sir James roused quickly. "It must be done," he said in something of his old tone, "and I must have things settled. Your title must be clear—"

He stopped, and beckoned feebly to Mr. Wilson.

"You've got the will?" he asked huskily. Mr. Wilson turned to his bag, and brought from it a long blue piece of parchment tied up with pink ribbon.

Sir James drew a breath heavily and turned to Dick.

"I must go, I know," said Dick, "but I shall be in the ante-room, within call."

He went quickly across and closed the door, and Sir James turned back to Mr. Wilson.

"Is it all ready?" he asked eagerly.

Mr. Wilson hesitated.

"It is ready," he began slowly, "but I have some news which I think I ought to tell you first—"

He hesitated again, with a quick look at Sir James's grey, sunken face. The news he had to tell would excite, and perhaps make him ill. Ought he not to secure his signature first?

The dying man decided him.

"News?" he gasped. "What news? Bad, of course—bad, I know. Let me hear it."

He fixed his piercing black eyes on Mr. Wilson, and the lawyer, fingering the will uneasily, told him what had happened.

"I am almost afraid it is bad news, Sir James," he said. "It is about your son."

Sir James fell back on his pillows, ghastly grey.

"Roger?" he gasped. "After all this time—Roger?"

The lawyer looked at him anxiously. His lips were twitching, and his eyes were dark and angry.

"He is alive?" he asked hastily. "You have come to tell me that? Curse him! My son come back to disturb my last hours? He is back, of course? It would be like Roger. He had the bad Fairfax blood in him—the black blood that has escaped some and turned up in others. It turned up in him—my son—my son! But he broke my heart—Roger—curse him!"

His voice sank hoarsely.

"Where is he?" he demanded suddenly. "In London, of course. Ring the bell, Mr. Wilson; I want some brandy. He must stay there. I won't have him here. I washed my hands of him years ago. Curse him!"

Mr. Wilson stepped forward to the little hand-bell which stood upon the table, and then stopped. The door opened and Dick came in with two telegrams in his hand, which he handed to Mr. Wilson.

"Lady Fairfax thought you ought to have them," he said. "The messenger is waiting, if there is any answer."

Mr. Wilson tore open the first yellow envelope and then checked a cry that was on his lips, and handed the telegram to Dick.

It read, "Mr. Craddock died this morning at six o'clock," and it meant that Mr. Wilson was head of the firm.

The other telegram was of a different character, and was a bit puzzling. It was from the firm, and ran: "Roger Fairfax left Clarence House and disappeared. Impossible to trace him."

Mr. Wilson stared, and Sir James, with bright restless eyes, looked at him sharply.

"What is it?" he cried. "News, Wilson?" Mr. Wilson, lawyer as he was, was taken by surprise, and the words of the telegram broke from his lips.

"It's odd," he replied, "but they say Roger has disappeared."

"Disappeared?" repeated Sir James in a curious choking voice, and then they all looked at him, and Dick took a hasty step forward, which was checked as hastily.

Sir James had turned his head and was staring wildly at the door. Dick looked round and started a little to find Lady Fairfax there. She had entered quietly, almost stealthily. She stood stiff and erect, her eyes on Mr. Wilson, her red lips apart and her face white and set.

Sir James raised himself slowly and laboriously, and pointed a finger at her. As he did so she turned abruptly, almost tigerishly, towards him. Their eyes met and Sir James fell back, gasping harshly for breath.

"What have you to do with him?" he cried. "What is—Roger—to you?"

His voice stopped, broke. Lady Fairfax gave an odd, curious cry, and then they all turned quickly, and Dick rang the little brass bell which stood upon the table with sudden haste. For Sir James had had his second stroke!

And at that moment only Mr. Wilson remembered the unsigned will lying on the table.

CHAPTER VII.

THREE days later Dick stood at the gates of the park looking out along the wide, flat road which led towards the common. Behind him stretched the avenue, with its thick trees and sullen pool, and beyond that the great grey house in which Sir James still lay fighting for his life. At any moment now the end might come, and Dick had hesitated even before he took so short a walk as to the end of the avenue.

He was about to turn back again when a gamekeeper came towards him. He touched his hat, and stood awkwardly fingering his gun.

"Is there any better news, Sir?" he asked.

Dick shook his head, and the man stood for a minute. Then he turned abruptly.

"The Rowans is all ready, Sir," he said, "and the young lady's there—came yesterday, she did."

Dick started. The Rowans! The house by the lodge, which he had let to May! He looked back over his shoulder at the white road and the bend at the corner, where the Elverton Estate turned along the side of the common. The Rowans was only a short distance from that corner—a little white house, nestling behind a thick group of firs, as if it was afraid of being seen—a house that he had taken an inordinately eager interest in one short week ago.

Now—He stared at the dull grey and yellow of the common, which just showed under the trees at the end of the road, and somehow a dullness came over the morning freshness. He almost fancied everything was still for a moment, that the birds ceased to twitter and the sheep to bleat.

Then he looked back at the gamekeeper's ruddy face.

"I didn't know she had come," he said.

"No, Sir?" The man's voice was level. "I did all you told me, Sir—the butter and eggs and the fowl, Sir."

"Yes, yes," said Dick impatiently. Somehow he hated to be reminded now that he had given the gamekeeper orders only a week ago that

when Miss Linton came she was to wait for nothing—that he was to see at once that she had butter and eggs and milk. Now everything was different. He could not forget her cry three nights ago in the room below his studio.

The passionate ring in it haunted him yet, and if he shut his eyes he could still see lying on the floor, in the dull light of the fire, that body of the man he had seen when he had pushed open the door and gone in. May's lover? May's brother? May's what?

God alone knew; but he could never forget. Nothing had appeared in the papers. Every morning he had searched feverishly, hurriedly, keenly, missing nothing, and breathing freely when nothing came to light. There was no mention of such a stabbed man, and Dick wondered what had happened. Had he been removed, or had the caretakers at Clarence House been silenced in some way? At times he felt he must go and see, but Sir James's condition was too precarious for him to be left, and every hour or two he inquired for Dick.

Dick thought of Sir James uneasily now, and half turned to go back to the house. He was dying, sinking gradually but certainly—a little every day, and the only thing that kept him alive, the doctor said, was something on his mind which would not let him die. A dozen times he had struggled to speak, and a dozen times the effort had only resulted in helpless collapse. Some time, very soon now, said the doctor, the struggle would kill him.

Dick moved back towards the park gates.

"Would you go, back through the paddock, Sir?" said the man. "I wanted to show you the trees if you could come. They're beginning to cut to-day."

Dick hesitated. To go round by the paddock would take him very close to the Rowans. The west lodge lay outside the paddock, and the little grey house that May had taken, that he had taken such a pride in a week ago, almost joined it. His heart beat stupidly.

"Not to-day, Lee," he began. And then once more there came upon him the mad, blind passion he thought he had conquered. May's face rose up before him. He remembered her as she had looked three days ago when he had faced her on that hideous night—her little white face turned up to his, her eyes full of mystery; and in spite of himself, and in spite of the memory of the murdered man at Clarence House, he felt her draw him towards her.

"After all I may as well," he said. "They know where I am. Yes, I'll go and see the trees."

He strode off, down a little path lined with fern and bracken, and then across a short meadow to the other side of the estate, where the paddock and the west lodge lay.

He saw the grey tinge of the Rowans long before he reached it. One side of the house was visible from the path he trod, and his heart beat still faster at the sight of it. They would pass across the back, skirting the little walled-in garden, to reach the paddock; and even now, even in spite of his knowledge of May's ugly secret, he wondered if he might see her face for a moment at the one window visible to him as he passed. The others were blocked and hidden by trees, but there was one which stared out across the park, bare and clear of trees, and for that one chance his heart throbbed painfully as he looked up, and sank just as painfully when he saw no face there.

He and the gamekeeper strode on across the grass and then through a little iron gate and on to the second approach to the house—a narrow drive edged by flat grass and bushes. Close to a small gate stood the west lodge, and as Dick stepped out on to the drive he looked towards the gate and started.

A girl was just pushing it open, and he went white to the lips when he saw who it was. He stood still. His blood seemed to cease running through his body, and he was scarcely conscious that she had run up towards him with hand outstretched, and was now standing looking at him helplessly, as if she did not understand.

"Why, Mr. Steeles, are you not well?" she stammered.

He recovered himself, and with an effort forced himself to look down into her face.

There was a tinge of colour in it this morning—a faint pink, making her look pretty and childish: God help him, too cursedly childlike for him to be taken in again!

He looked down stiffly.

"I—didn't know you were here," he said slowly. "I—have not been out."

"Oh, of course. Poor Sir James!" she said, with a shadow crossing her face. "I wish we could hear better news of him."

Dick said nothing. He seemed dazed, stunned somehow. He was conscious only of one thing—that a question burnt his tongue, that he wanted to blurt out the words that throbbed at his heart and that he could not.

He looked round nervously. The gamekeeper had strolled on, and was bending over a fence—mending it perhaps.

He turned again to May.

"So you're here," he repeated hoarsely. "I scarcely expected you."

May raised her brows. She too was remembering the time when she had last seen him, when he had held her hands and asked her to come soon—when he had said he would wait for her.

Her face whitened a little as she looked up at him. He looked stern and cold.

"I came as soon as I could," she said. "I was tired of London, and heart-sick—and I wanted the country. I think I shall be happy here. And oh! thank you so much for sending the gamekeeper. We should have been starved last night if he hadn't brought us butter and eggs. We were so rushed and"—her words grew suddenly hurried and breathless—"and



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bothered that we forgot ordinary things like milk and fowls, and we were awfully glad of them when they came. It was good of you to think for us."

Once more he felt her eyes on his face, and his heart stood still. Could it really be that three nights ago he had heard her voice, hoarse with excitement, cry out to another man? Had he dreamt it? Had it been May's voice after all?

He wished he could doubt it as he looked down at her now, and the question then burnt in his heart rushed to his lips.

"I didn't know," he said abruptly, "that you knew Clarence House. Why didn't you tell me that you knew the man who lived there?"

She looked up quickly, her brows puckering.

"But I don't," she said. "Clarence House is where your new studio is, isn't it? I don't know anyone there but you. What makes you think so?"

He stared at her, with his lips set and stiff. So she could lie too!

"That's odd," he said in a hard voice, "for I heard you there the other night—you and a man named Paul."

There was a sneer in his voice as he finished, and May stared at him with horror dawning in her eyes.

"Paul!" she repeated in a whisper, and Dick's heart sank; "but I—you—what do you mean?"

She looked up wildly.

"I mean," Dick said coldly, "that it is odd—that you never told me—of this Paul."

She fell away from him.

"But I don't understand," she gasped.

"What do you know of him?"

He hesitated. Again, black and ugly, came the memory of the silent body on the hearth-rug, and he shuddered as he looked at her; and the words broke from his lips almost before he knew it.

"Nothing—except that he was murdered," he said.

She gave a quick cry. All the colour swept from her face, and she took a step backward, staring at him wildly.

(To be continued.)

"P.I.P." PLAYGOER.

MR. SYDNEY GRUNDY'S adaptation of "Un Mariage Sous Louis XV." is likely to have a good run at the Imperial Theatre. Mr. Grundy has done his work in an artistic manner, and Mr. Lewis Waller has never done anything better than the brilliant young man of fashion who just learns to appreciate his simple and innocent wife in time to prevent a divorce. Mr. Lewis Waller has all the qualities required for the part. Miss Grace Lane is pretty and attractive as the wife, but needs a little more control of her resources in one or two scenes. She will, I believe, conquer these slight defects during the run of the play.

The death of Mr. Robert Taber, the American actor, from consumption, at the age of thirty-eight, will cause great regret to many playgoers, not only in London, but on the other side of the Atlantic. Mr. Taber had gone to the Adirondacks in search of health, but at a place called Saranac in that region he died a few days since. He was a cultivated man and a gifted actor, making his first success in "Measure for Measure" with Madame Modjeska's company at New York. When Mr. Laurence Irving's "Peter the Great" was produced at the Lyceum, Jan. 1, 1898, Mr. Taber appeared as Alexis, and

later in a revival of "Macbeth" he played Macduff. He was also seen in important parts at His Majesty's Theatre.

Congreve's "Way of the World" will be revived on April 17—I hope with some revision

pride of birth. In the Fatherland it is everything to be "well born"—that is, to inherit a fortune and title.

A most interesting debut was that of Miss Tree at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, on

well. Her reception was most enthusiastic, and at the fall of the curtain Mr. Tree said—

"Ladies and Gentlemen, I should just like to thank you for the splendid encouragement you have given to my child to-night—(cheers)—which makes me very proud, and which ought to make her very proud—and modest too. (Laughter and cheers.) I don't know what to say except to repeat what I said last night, that I am glad that our daughter has made her first bow in Edinburgh—(cheers)—in that beautiful art which I love so well, and which, in the sphere of art, is perhaps the one arena in which woman is almost equal to man—I am tempted to say his superior. I thank you once more for the beautiful flowers and for the applause that you have given. I shall never forget this historic week."

This sympathetic speech was heartily cheered.

Mr. Beerbonn Tree, speaking at the Edinburgh "Pen and Pencil Club" last week, said we have become slangy, slipshod, and indistinct in our speech, but he hoped the grand style of Pitt, Burke, and later of Gladstone, would once more come into vogue. He believed defective delivery in the church had much to do with the falling off in church attendance.

The veteran comedian Mr. Toole reached his seventy-fourth year on Saturday last, and although the genial old actor is not in such good health as I could wish, he takes the utmost interest in everything connected with the drama. To show the amiable nature of Mr. Toole, I need only mention the name of a clever young performer to awaken his enthusiasm; while regarding old stagers, his keenest sympathies are evoked. His recollections of plays and players in bygone days are most enjoyable.

Special efforts are being made to popularise the Crystal Palace Theatre. Visitors are being admitted at 2s., 1s., and 6d., and good places can be secured at these moderate terms in the evenings and at the Wednesday matinees.

The first performance of a new version of Miss Marie Corelli's "Vendetta" will take place at the Kennington Theatre on Monday, March 28. Mr. Charles Glenny will appear as the Count Fabio Romani, and will produce the play, having Miss Corelli's full permission to do so.

The Prince of Wales paid a high compliment to the theatrical profession last week at the meeting of the Hospital Fund at Marlborough House. His Royal Highness said: "I take this opportunity of referring to one particular class of the community from which the hospitals derive frequent, substantial, and unassuming help—that is, from the dramatic profession. I sometimes think we do not fully realise how much of their valuable time and of their artistic powers are gratuitously given for charitable purposes." This handsome testimony from such a quarter will be warmly appreciated by the profession.

The attendance at the Covent Garden Ball on Friday last was very large, and the ball was one of the most successful of the season. Dancing continued until nearly daylight, and the costumes were remarkable. Some of them displayed great taste and ingenuity; for example, the "Cloud with a Silver Lining," the "Dewy May Morning," "Comin' through the Rye," "Battle of Roses," "Events of 1904," etc., while many who did not adopt fancy dresses appeared in delightful costumes. Mr. Dan Godfrey's orchestra was, as usual, in fine condition.

THE PROMPTER.



Photo. Foulsham and Banfield.

MISS MARIE ASHTON, THE CHARMING LONDON ACTRESS.

of the text, which, when I saw it years ago, struck me as daring in the extreme for a modern audience. The play is, in fact, extremely clever and thoroughly indecent in its dialogue.

"Love's Carnival" will on Tuesday replace "Old Heidelberg." It is adapted from the German "Rosenmontag," a comedy in some respects resembling Robertson's "Caste." It shows in a striking manner the German nobility's

Thursday, March 10. The gifted young lady, who inherits many of the fine qualities of her parents, played Viola in Shakspeare's "Twelfth Night" with a grace, intelligence, and sweetness of look and tone affording brilliant promise for the future. Her delivery of the blank-verse passages had all the charm of perfect elocution and delicate expression. She has also inherited no small share of her mother's vocal talent, and sang the air, "Come Away, Death," extremely

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